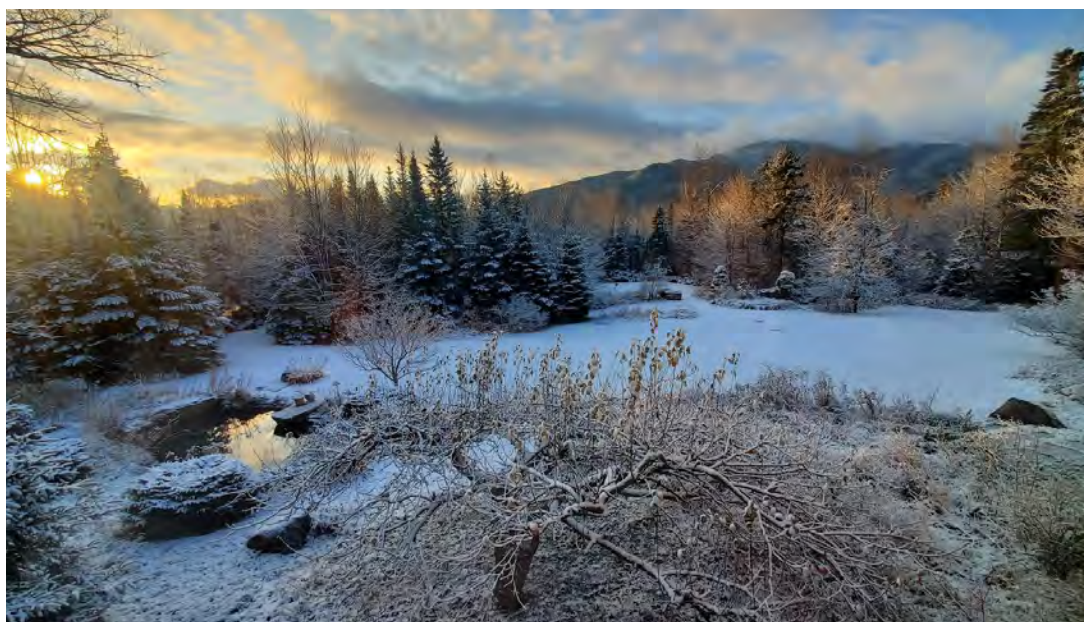


Mountain View

A newsletter by and for the Randolph Community, published by the Randolph Foundation.



Top left: "Moonshadow in Randolph" watercolor by Andrea Eusden; Top right (above): from Carol Ryder Horton; Top right (below): from Carol Ryder Horton; Bottom left: from Carol Ryder Horton; Bottom right: a Glorious Morning by Martha Sappington

Articles, poems, notices, inquiries, and suggestions are welcomed and encouraged. Send materials for the **Mountain View** to Lucy Sandin, lucy.sandin@gmail.com (207)831-7127, by the 15th of the month preceding publication. Publication is quarterly: September, December, April, and June. **The Blizzard** is published the first of each month, with the exception of July and August. Send winter event notices to Linda Dupont, linda.dupont90@yahoo.com by the 20th of the preceding month. **The Randolph Weekly** is published in July and August only.

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Lucy Sandin, Editor and Design; Jennifer DeMarco, Mailing List

Mountain View Publications, Randolph Foundation, PO Box 283 Gorham N.H. 03518

AMBULANCE	911	LIBRARY Librarian, Yvonne Jenkins	(603)466-5408
FIRE DEPARTMENT Chief, Dana Horne	911	Mon. & Weds. 1-5pm; Sat. 10am-Noon	
RANDOLPH POLICE	911	LIFELINE Heather Wiley	(603)466-5179
BOARD OF ADJUSTMENT Chair, David Ruble	(603)466-5771	PLANNING BOARD Chair, June Hammond	(603)466-5771
BOARD OF SELECTMEN Chair, Michele Cormier; Assistant, Linda Dupont	(603)466-5771	Rowan Meets 7pm 1st Thurs. at Town Hall	selectmen@randolph.nh.gov
Selectman, John Turner, Paul Alfred Jadis		RANDOLPH CHURCH Sunday services July & August, 10:30am. Moderator,	(603)723-0847
Meets 7pm 2nd & 4th Mon., Town Hall		John Weatherly	info@randolphchurchnh.org
BUILDING PERMITS See Board of Selectmen	(603)466-5771	RANDOLPH COMMUNITY FOREST Meets 7pm 1st Weds.,	(603)466-5771
CEMETERY TRUSTEES	(603)466-5771	Town Hall	info@randolphforest.org
CONSERVATION COMMISSION Chair, Gary Newfield		RANDOLPH FOUNDATION President, Redza Dempster	redza@rfnh.org
DOG LICENSES Obtain/Renew end April, Town Clerk	(603)466-5771	RANDOLPH MOUNTAIN CLUB President, John Phinney	president@randolphmountainclub.org
GRS COOPERATIVE SCHOOL BOARD SAU 20 Meets 6:30pm 3rd Tues., Location Varies	(603)466-3632	ROAD AGENT Paul Kenison	
		TAX COLLECTOR Anne Kenison, by appointment.	(603)466-5771
		TOWN CLERK Anne Kenison	(603)466-5771
		Mon. 9-11am, Weds. 7-9pm	(603)466-5771

Open Elected Positions 2024

From the Town Clerk

Below is a list of all of the elected positions that are open for 2024 in Randolph, NH.

- 1 Selectman 3yr
- 1 Town Clerk 3yr
 - 1 Treasurer 1yr
- 1 Auditor 2 yr.
- 1 Cemetery Trustee 3yr
 - 1 Trustee of Trust Funds 3yr
- 1 Trustee of Trust Funds 1 yr
- 2 Planning Board 3yr
- 1 Library Trustee 3yr
- 2 Board of Adjustment 3yr
- 1 Moderator 2yr David Willcox
- 1 Supervisor of the Checklist 6yr

Filing period is Wed Jan 24 to Friday at 5 pm Feb 2, 2024

Additionally, there is a special general election Jan 23, 2024 as well as the Presidential Primary Election. Absentee ballots available from the town clerk and on the State of NH website under elections.

Contact the Tax Collector if you have not received your tax bill.

A Note from the Foundation

The September issue of the Mountain View included an article about the Rise Up! Engage! Vote! Event. Our intent in publishing it was for informational purposes only and in no way meant to endorse the event or favor a political party. Since its founding, the Mountain View, and all Foundation publications, have been non-political. We pledge to be more carefully respectful of this position in the future.

Celebration 2024

Sarah Gallop

Coming Soon! Each Randolph household will receive a 2024 Bicentennial calendar in the mail in December! The calendar features beautiful historical images of our town and surroundings. It will be mailed to your official (tax bill) address and additional copies will be available for sale later.

But let's back up. As you know, Randolph, NH will celebrate its 200th anniversary in 2024! Many thanks to the Town of Randolph and The Randolph Foundation which are generously sponsoring the Bicentennial festivities. There will be a variety of events through August, including a Celebration Weekend on August 2nd – 4th.

We have created a **Randolph NH 2024 Bicentennial** Facebook page that you can look up and follow to learn more about details and dates as they become available! That page will serve as a central information source for the 2024 celebration, along with the Mountain View and the Randolph Weekly. Questions about the Bicentennial can also be directed to randolphat200@gmail.com.

Guy Stever and Sarah Eusden Gallop are co-chairs of the overall planning process. Anne Post Poole is leading the Celebration Weekend, and Harriet Phinney and Kempy Minifie are organizing the weekend's Friday and Saturday night events. We are grateful to a wonderful corps of volunteers who are helping with all of the 2024 activities!

During May – August 2024, Bicentennial events will include a Woodspringstock concert, an Incorporation Day event, bicentennial exhibits, community quilt displays, a bicentennial film, and a return of the Rendezvous. Other features will be a Bicentennial postmark, the presentation of a LIDAR (light detection and ranging) project and (hopefully!) a celebration of a historical designation for the Town of Randolph.

The August 2nd – 4th Celebration Weekend will include community dinners, music, a parade, games and activities, a square dance, a tennis tournament, a Durand Lake 60th birthday party, a hymn sing, various presenta-



tions, a church concert, and a 50/50 raffle. These last two events will raise funds for area nonprofits that serve our neighbors.

There will be fabulous Bicentennial items for all! Judy Hudson is writing a new *Randolph at 200* book which will be made available free of charge to each Randolph residence. Posters and signed giclee prints of Steve Teczar's logo, commemorative medals, and Bicentennial hats and shirts will all be available for sale.

Every household will be invited to personalize a reproduction of the town's hiker sign. The wooden signs will be made available in early summer for decoration and display, and everyone will be encouraged to bring their signs to the celebration weekend. Prizes will be awarded in various categories.

If you're looking for ways to help out, we would love to add you to our corps of volunteers. We will need people to assist with all kinds of activities during the celebration and would love to have you on board.

Sarah Gallop: seg@mit.edu

Guy Stever: guy.stever@gmail.com



Photos of past Carol Singing by Jenn Scarinza

2023 Report on Friends of the Randolph Public Library

Written by the Friends Board

We hope this finds everyone healthy, happy, and in the company of loved ones during this holiday season. We want to use this space to (1) give thanks to those who support the Friends, (2) report out on Friends group efforts in 2023, (3) share some updates from 2023, and (4) express our continued enthusiasm for Friends momentum in 2024.

First: our thanks. We appreciate our members, and we would not exist without them! We thank all who have supported the organization – with time, talent, and treasure – this past year. We would also like to restate our overwhelming gratitude for our librarian, Yvonne Jenkins. Yvonne, your enthusiasm for and dedication to the Randolph Public Library are unparalleled, and we cannot imagine what Randolph or the Friends organization would do without you!

Second: our 2023 efforts. The Friends supported the following Library programs and resources:

- The Annual Book & Bake Sale (\$910 raised from the Book Sale & \$788 from the Bake Sale, including the Raffle! Special thank you to **Joan Egan & Rhoda Davis**)
- Winter 2022 - Spring 2023 Great North Woods Libraries Zoom Program
- Books and DVDs
- 2023 Zoom license (*annual*)
- 2023 movie license (*annual*)
- 2023 Summer reading program supplies
- *Take Your Child to the Library Day* held on March 4th
- *Sunday Movie Matinee* held on April 16th
- Garden flowers
- *Friends Gathering* held on June 10th
- *Library After Hours* events
- The *Welcome to Randolph* initiative
- Great North Woods Community Read - Zoom Presentation by Robert Goodby, author of *A Deep Presence*, held on October 4th
- Speaker Steve Blunt from the Squam Lake Center
- STEAM Kits for Children in grades PK-3
- Children's books for the Fireman's Christmas celebrations

Note: We have Friends merchandise for sale. Please check out the bags and mugs available at the Library. All proceeds support the Friends efforts.

Third: our updates from 2023. On August 16th, we held our Friends of the Randolph Public Library Annual Meeting. Including the Board, we had 23 members in attendance. The meeting was a great success: we ratified the updated by-laws (thanks to the editing work of **Anne Forsyth** and **Doug Grant**); we nominated and elected two new board members (**Sue Maddock** as new Co-President and **Liz Johnson** as new board member at large); we set

the number of annual meetings to 1; and we set the 2024 annual dues at \$20 per family and \$10 per individual (no change from prior years). Additionally, we agreed that the Board would send out a solicitation for renewal of membership at the beginning of each new calendar year. If you have been a member in the past, we appreciate your willingness to "re-up" your dues when the notice comes around for 2024! And remember: your membership is tax-deductible!

During the Annual Meeting, we appreciated the feedback from our members. We are excited to work on programming efforts for 2024 that appeal to our community. We also wanted to mention that several members asked about extending Library hours. That request has been shared with the Library Trustees – any decisions on hours will be addressed by the Library and the Trustees

Additionally, we want to take a moment to thank our outgoing and incoming Co-Presidents! **Anne Forsyth** stepped down as Co-President in August. Anne led our group through the revitalization efforts (particularly during COVID!) and has always been fully committed to furthering the mission of this group. Anne, THANK YOU for your time and contributions as Co-President. We want to give a warm welcome to **Sue Maddock** for taking the reins; we are grateful for the work and energy that Sue has already invested in this organization!

Fourth: our excitement for 2024. We look forward to more Friends gatherings as well as more Library programs to support. We will also be hosting an event on June 16th, 2024, as part of the 2024 Randolph Bicentennial Celebration. Stay tuned for more. In 2024, we hope that we continue to engage past, present, and future Friends members along the way! For any questions or more information, please visit us on the Library website OR send us an email.

Contact Information:

- Email: friends@randolphnhpubliclibrary.org
- Website: <https://randolphnhpubliclibrary.org/friends-of-the-library/>
- Address: Friends of the Randolph Public Library, 130 Durand Road, Randolph, NH 03593
- Friends Board: Sue Maddock, Co-President; Catherine Zirpolo, Co-President, Michele Cormier, Treasurer; Kayla Demers, Secretary; Liz Johnson, Member at Large

The Friends of the Randolph Public Library is a 501(c)(3) non-profit, volunteer-based organization. We are committed to a three-fold mission: to promote and support the Library, Library resources, and Library programming; to build a partnership between the Library and the community; and to provide supplemental funds to assist in the use and enjoyment of the Library offerings by all Randolph residents and visitors.

Randolph's Own: Dr. Robert Robbins Andrews (1844 -1921)

Peter Rowan

With Randolph's upcoming bicentennial celebration approaching, it seems appropriate to shine a light on a seldom recognized and relatively unfamiliar former distinguished summer resident, Dr Robert Robbins Andrews.

An eminent pioneer in the field of dentistry, Dr. Andrews is known as the father of modern oral and dental surgery. And, as a testament to his lasting endeavors, Tufts University still awards top students in their Dental School with entrance into the prestigious Robert R. Andrews Research Honor Society. While his dedicated vocational pursuits found him ensconced in the practice and study of medicine and related academia, he was also a skilled portrait and landscape artist.

How Robert Andrews first made his way to Randolph is unclear, but it appears by all accounts he was a regular summer guest at the Ravine House. What is certain, however, is that he fell under Randolph's alluring spell and made it his chosen place for respite and enjoyment away from the city and the demands of his career. Randolph also provided him with the setting for a number of his paintings.

Like many returning hotel guests, Robert Andrews purchased land to have a more permanent and established vacation residence of his own in the Randolph Valley. His

new mountain home, "Brookside," was one of the first independently constructed cottages in the town of Randolph by renowned builder John H. Boothman (1868-1952).

In his 1924 Centennial publication *Randolph Old and New*, George N. Cross stated: "On the bank of Eliot Brook, where once had stood the Ravine House store, Dr. Robert R. Andrews, of Cambridge, built in 1903 a large and costly residence. On the lawn he made a basin to receive the waters of the brook which a few feet beyond plunge down over the green river bank in a series of silvery cascades, 'the Fount of the Fay.' During Dr. Andrews's lifetime, 'Brookside' was the scene of many social events. The beautiful place is now the property of the Ravine House Company and is known as 'Fay Fount'."

Fay Fount remains today as a fine and classic example of shingle style architecture. It is clear that Robert Andrews was able to design a picturesque property that reflects his love of nature, art, and the beauty of Randolph.

As mentioned above, Robert Andrews was also an accomplished artist. The following biographical sketch was written by, and is republished with permission from, John Curuby, current President of the longstanding and venerable Boston Art Club.



Dr. Robert Robbins Andrews took a bilateral path in his life. Born in Boston, August 7, 1844, he spent his childhood in various schools in Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New York. At the age of 14 he became determined to be a dentist and apprenticed himself to Dr. Robert Robbins of Boston (from whom he took his middle name) and spent seven years of intense studies.

In 1864 Dr. Andrews enlisted in the Civil War; joining Company H, 47th Regiment; and then Company E, 16th Regiment. He rose to the rank of lieutenant and served as quartermaster and adjunct under General Butler and General Banks.

Upon return to Boston, he graduated with a D.D.S. in 1875.

Randolph's Own continued...

He practiced dentistry in Cambridge and was a trustee of Tufts College. He was awarded honorary degrees from several universities (including Tufts and Dartmouth College) for his inventions in, and writings on, oral and dental surgery and early-childhood dental care.

Contemporaneous to his successful dental practice, Dr. Andrews nurtured a love of Art. He directly studied painting in both the figure and landscape from the Artists of the Boston Art Club, beginning in 1874. He joined the Club as an Artist Member in 1879 and remained a member until his death on January 26, 1921.

His talent as an Artist was well recognized by his peers, but his output was very limited due to the demands on him by his professional career. He only exhibited at the Boston Art Club in 1879, 1880 and 1883.

Andrews had a vacation home in the White Mountains, in Randolph, NH on the slope wall of Mounts Adams and Madison. He

executed many paintings in the area. He died in Newton, Massachusetts.

Dr. Andrews' artwork is difficult to find for sale in today's market. There are no readily available auction records of his paintings and a very limited number have been identified in public collections. It is likely that most of his works are displayed in private locations.

As we all reflect on 200 years of Town history—regardless of our backgrounds or professions—it is comforting to know that there exists the common thread of fondness for what Randolph happens to offer us. Robert Andrews was not the first to be captured by its beauty and he undoubtedly would not be surprised that there have been many more of us to follow.

Randolph Art Show 2023

The Randolph Art Show was held in the Cross Meeting Room of the Randolph Town Hall from July 7 – September 7, 2023, with an opening reception on July 7th. The show contained 34 works in a variety of media including collages, composite photos, drawings, embroidery, mixed media works, paintings, photographs, quilting, and watercolors. Special thanks to these 20 Randolph artists for participating in the Show: the late Daphne Cross, David Forsyth, Pauline Galiana, Ingrid Graff, Betsy Hess, Lily-

may Jenkins, Yvonne Jenkins, the late Harriet Kruszyna, the late Linda Cross More, Maria Nemchuk, Kristen Neufelder, Martha Phinney, Robin Ross, June Hammond Rowan, Peter Rowan, Martha Sappington, Tim Sappington, Ethan Scarinza, Fredericka Solomon, and Steve Teczar. The Art Committee consisting of Pauline Galiana, Ingrid Graff, and Steve Teczar planned and curated the Show. The Committee looks forward to the next Randolph Art Show to be held during the Randolph Bicentennial 2024!

Photos directly below from the art show.



Photos above: left: Tuckerman's Ravine by Tim Sappington; right: Landscape above Broadacres by Steven Teczar

From the Selectmen's Office

The Selectmen

Things are finally calming down from the summer buzz of Randolph activities and the selectmen are breathing a sigh of relief at the completion of the Durand Road project. The Project came in under budget and far below the "not to exceed" cost. The town's decision to use CMA Engineering has paid big dividends and has also provided additional and very helpful information regarding the water runoff from the Crescent Ridge down to the north edge of Durand Road. This was a large concern of the towns' people. Due to this new information about Durand Road and the ground composition on the north side of the road and that the damage seen on the road was not due to rocks, boulders, trees, stumps, or other foreign matter we now know how to approach the other sections of Durand Road and the road restoration. In fact the wear and tear visible on nearly all of Durand Road was caused by water getting under the road from the north side. This information is extremely important for handling the remainder of the Durand Road reconstruction project when the town approves it. We now know that under drain (which was added to many parts of the road construction in phase one) coupled with proper ditching is critical to maintain the integrity of the road.

We were fortunate in "timing" to be able to get a contractor to pave the hill portion of High Acres Road during the course of the Durand project. This cures temporarily the sloughing and degradation of the pavement on that road, will make it easier for the snow plow and give us some breathing room until a true repair can take place.

With the assistance of the Randolph Energy Efficiency Committee, the Town is moving forward at replacing all the streetlights with LED's. This will start saving

energy costs immediately and the pay back is less than 3 years. Thank you to that committee for their tireless efforts in improving energy use in the Town.

As most of you know, our long time state representative Bill Hatch for Coos District 6 (Randolph, Shelburne and Gorham) resigned due to health issues and a special election will be held, the primary Dec 5 (which will have passed by the time you all read this) and a general election in January which will coincide with the Presidential Primary. Be sure to get out and vote!

The Bicentennial Committee has been busy planning for events for next year, 2024 marking 200 years of the Town of Randolph. If you would like to volunteer to help out in any way, contact Sarah Gallop seg@mit.edu or Guy Stever gstever@ne.rr.com.

It is that time again to review and update our Hazard Mitigation Plan. This involves analyzing conditions in town which might be subject to hazards and creating a plan for mitigation and management in the event of the actual hazard. Planning involves many volunteers to attend 5-6 meetings during which we perform the analysis and provide the information to a professional plan developer who will complete the final document. A plan is required if the Town seeks FEMA funding. Our first meeting will be Mon Dec 18, and the third Monday of each month following. If you would like to volunteer, please contact the town office.

If you have any questions about the operations of the town, please contact the selectmen or attend one of our regular meetings which are held the 2nd and 4th Monday of every month at 6:30 pm. John at 723-1604, Paul at 915-9195 and Michele at 466-5841.

Randolph Holiday Season!

Barbara Arnold

Fire Association Santa deliveries 12/16 to Randolph children 10 and under. FMI contact Barbara Arnold @ barbara.arnold51@gmail.com

Carol party at Coldbrook Lodge, 11 Coldbrook Road, 12/17. Meet there at 6 pm. FMI contact Lauren or Dwight Bradley, 603-915-9087.

Christmas Eve Service at the Randolph Church, 12/24, 4PM. FMI contact Barbara or Bill Arnold, 603-466-2438. Join your friends and neighbors for an hour of carols and reflection.

Photo Left: 2020 Santa by Jenn Scarinza



Arrogance Goeth Before a Fall

**BILLY BUDD, Battle Range of Selkirk Mountains,
British Columbia, Canada**

Bob Kruszyna

Perhaps our adventure originated on a crisp February evening after a day of vigorous snowshoeing in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Or perhaps the idea was born many years earlier when, from a mountaintop near Glacier, BC, I first caught a glimpse of a savage escarpment some twenty miles to the south. In any case, as we relaxed before a crackling fire, listening to a shrill winter wind outside, Leigh said emphatically, "This summer we've got to take a helicopter to some place that's really out of it!" I was prepared. "How about the Battle Range?" I replied.

Our party gathered in early July at the Clubhouse of the Alpine Club in Banff. Thereupon commenced the most anxious part of our trip, trying to pin down Okanagan Helicopters, Ltd., of Revelstoke, BC, to a firm date and time for our flight. Several times I telephoned them, to no avail. Oh, yes, they cheerfully responded, they had received my letter. Oh, no, they hadn't answered it because if I were really interested I would certainly contact them again in person. Well, they didn't know their schedule exactly, what with all the forest fire work for the provincial government. The results of adirect confrontation at their hangar in Revelstoke were hardly more satisfactory. But we finally managed a dubious concession: they would put us on a day-to-day standby and try to squeeze us in between fires. With a shrug, they had passed us off to the Great Arsonist.

So we ensconced ourselves in a local campground to serve out our time, contending with dogs, trailers, kids, clogged toilets, trailbikes, cold showers, etc. But beyond the call of the not-so-wild, this campground had something extra to offer. It was owned by a retired C.P.R. employee, and, as everyone knows, once a railroad man, always a railroad man. Thus his campground abutted the Revelstoke switch yards. The nocturnal crashing and smashing did, however, provide superb conditioning for subsequent ear-shattering thunderstorms.

In a bit of figurative wife-swapping, our family units, as Leigh is fond of calling them, were dissolved in favor of a more functional arrangement. While Genie and I collaborated on the food for the expedition (she taught home-economics), Leigh and Harriet were assiduously scouring dumps and filling stations in quest of five gallon lubricant drums with resealable lids.

"What do you want it for? A bearproof? Huh? Makes sense I guess." Between the novelty of the idea and Leigh's considerable powers of persuasion, we ended up with six free drums into which we stuffed all the food-stuffs subject to depredations by animals. In the event, no

bears put in an appearance, a few timid goats and the ubiquitous ground squirrels being the extent of the wildlife we observed. (N.B. Two of those drums are still in use in the author's household 60 years later!)

Finally, the appointed hour was set – and we nearly blew it socializing! Leigh is an especially gregarious guy. The "BC Navy" maintains that section of Provincial Route 93 that crosses Upper Arrow Lake, treating us to a wonderfully scenic – if fretfully leisurely – ferry trip. Upon arriving at the sole habitation in Beaton, BC, we were immediately taken in hand by its residents, a kindly and generous elderly couple who showed us with hospitality, agreed to watch over our cars – and then informed us that our helicopter had already come and gone.

Our persistent nagging had apparently paid, for soon the machine fluttered down again. The pilot, reeking of wood smoke, chided us briefly and then sky-hooked Leigh and me above the Incommapleux River. Just one glance down at that uncompromising terrain and I silently congratulated myself on my decadence. The disapprobation of those hardy pioneers who bashed into the heart of the Selkirks along such valleys faded in the contemplation of that absolutely horrendous BC bush.

The pilot thrust a map into my hands – on the scale of 1:250,000! "Now where was it you wanted to go?" All I could pick out was Calgary on one edge and Vancouver Island on the other. Fortunately, at that juncture, Leigh produced a 1:50,000 sheet that, provisional though it was, proved considerably more useful. We flew first up the Incommapleux, then veered into the valley of its tributary, Kellie Creek. Distracted by the imposing mountain topography around us, we confused one pass for another, wandering around aimlessly for a while – and at US \$140 an hour, expensively. Remedying our error, we deposited a



Arrogance continued...

cache, sealed in Leigh's trusty drums, at Oasis Lake in the Westfall Group before being ourselves dropped off below Houston Glacier in the neighboring Melville Group. Half an hour later, the ladies, with the remainder of our supplies, joined us.

With a burgeoning sense of absurdity, I counted out hundreds in the wind of the whirring blades, for out here on the frontier, it's cash on the barrel. You will pick us up at Oasis Lake? In three weeks? The pilot's nodded agreement was not terribly reassuring.

An unearthly stillness reigned. We found ourselves alone, abandoned. The realization that we were totally cut off in mountain wilderness for three weeks began to register. Leigh's February wish had indeed been granted. Emerging from our dazed condition, we took stock. We were situated about a mile below the snout of Houston Glacier in a desolate hanging valley paved with glacial till, separated from the dense greenery of the Houston Creek valley by several hundred feet of cliff. The sere, rubble-strewn landscape practically devoid of vegetation indicated that not too long ago our site itself had been be-



neath the ice. An irrefutable argument for rapid climate change! The iridescent crimson of Leigh's tent helped to ameliorate the harshness of the scene.

Immediately north of camp lay the rolling Melville Glacier encircled by a high serrated ridge

abounding in spectacular granitic spires and pinnacles. Looking eastward, we could see the circle of austere summits comprising the Nemo Group. Our view to the south was obstructed by a long ridge supporting several smaller summits, and, in particular, a double-pronged peak directly above camp. A natural for our initial endeavor in the Battle Range, promising a favorable vantage for surveying the other possibilities in the area.

An earlier party had adopted the practice of naming peaks in this group after characters and incidents in the novels of Herman Melville, thus Moby Dick, Ahab,

Ishmael, and so forth. Having read most of Melville's oeuvre, I had a ready supply of names. This peak we dubbed "Mt. Billy Budd" after my favorite Melville novel. There is a superstition in mountaineering circles that it is bad luck to name a peak before you have climbed it. It never occurred to us, in our arrogance, that we might fail to climb it.

It was one of those days when I would have been better advised not to get out of bed. For it was a day when my conceit suffered a terrific setback. To start, we departed camp at a very comfortable hour. Going first across the bare glacier snout, ascending an icy couloir to a pocket glacier, climbing a neat little rock rib, then the upper snowfield, we arrived at the col dividing the peak's dual summits. Since the easterly peak had appeared higher from camp, and much more intriguing, we chose that.

We pranced along the ridge, disdainfully surmounting the piddling obstacles in our way. Then the ridge became more formidable. Leigh started rummaging in his pack for his hardware. Denying him the pleasure of pounding on Chouinard's expensive ironmongery, I pointed out a more feasible alternative. Dismounting the ridge to a rudimentary balcony, I traversed around the flank of the tower into a small amphitheater. Two choices confronted me, a steep chimney or a series of broken blocks. I picked the wrong one, clambering up the strenuous chimney to the highest point – to find it wasn't! Farther to the west, a higher summit mocked us.

However, our little tower was distinctive enough to merit a name. I therefore proposed "Taggart Peak" after the villainous master-at-arms in BILLY BUDD. I didn't get that right either, so hereafter the tower is to be known as "Claggart Peak". Eventually, we did reach the principal summit. From our well-placed central outlook, the Melville and Westfall Groups unfolded in an inspiring panorama. Leigh's cup runneth over. With his characteristic enthusiasm, he pointed out enough route possibilities to last us several seasons.

"Let's take off this damn rope; it's an awful nuisance," I insisted as we descended over a patch of loose rock. Freed of restraint, I blasted down the mountain, soon out of sight of my companions. I glissaded recklessly down the pocket glacier. A trap-door collapsed, and suddenly I found myself staring up at an aperture twenty feet above, wet, unscathed—and mortified. Anxiety peeked through Leigh's lush red beard as his face filled my exit hole. I could imagine my friends' distraught state of mind, here so many days from civilization. But they were quite casual as they hauled me to safety. It was only my second crevasse rescue in many years of mountaineering ---and I was the dummy!

1970, revised September 2019, October 2023

From the Story Slam

Bill Minifie

As you undoubtedly know the RMC picnic will be here before we know it and part of that tradition is the words that the Hill, Valley, Midlands and Trail Crew choose for the charades. It's hard to imagine perhaps, but some of the words that have been chosen in the distant past seemed to me at least, quite modern.

I know this because in our cabin, built in 1903, a Mrs. Crumkey (she must have been a summer guest) kept a list of the words for the charades of 1908, which I found scribbled on some yellowed foolscap in an envelope

behind some moldy jam jars in the kitchen cupboard. She described, in vivid detail, how the syllables were acted out and I thought it might be of interest if I shared some of the words from that distant era—so here they are:

The Hill's word was Gluten Free. I had no idea this concept was even around in



1908, but there it was. The first syllable was glue and was pretty graphic. Apparently there was a glue factory up near West Milan and someone managed to get hold of a newly severed horse's hoof. (They used to make glue out of horse's hoofs). According to Mrs. Crumkey the hoof was quite gory "dripping blood and that several veins were sticking out of it." The hoof was thrown into a cauldron over a blazing fire and stirred whereupon a group of dissolute teenagers appeared and all knelt over the cauldron and began sniffing the caulking and then got up and stumbled around. Very odd for 1908. The second syllable was "ten" and this also seemed very incongruous, but I suppose we have to believe Mrs. Crumkey. It was a beauty contest and several women strutted across the stage in skimpy bathing suits and a group of what she described as "dirty old men" rated the contestants with placards numbering one through nine—not wanting to actually have the number ten used to give away the syllable. This

would never fly today. The final syllable was "free" and this featured a woman dressed like a bird (Mrs. Crumkey said she had "copious feathers" glued all over her body) and that she was in a large cage in what was supposed to be a pet store. A young man came into the "store" and felt very sorry for the "bird" and after bargaining with the owner forked over money for the bird's release—so the bird could be "free." The young man opened the enclosure and the woman ran out of the cage, madly flapping her wings and attempting to fly and Mrs. Crumkey noted that she actually seemed to be gaining altitude but ended up crashing into Mossy Brook. Mrs. Crumkey said it was not a soft landing and was rather disturbing. The whole word, gluten-free, was a restaurant set up with tables and chairs and lots of customers. A waiter appeared shouting in a disdainful thick French accent carrying a huge baguette and began ripping the bread into pieces and throwing them rather violently onto the various tables. An old man began yelling that he couldn't even be near any wheat because he already had a wheat belly. There was a huge food fight with all and sundry throwing chunks of bread at each other. In fact Mrs. Crumkey noted that it got a little out of hand and two men got into a rather violent altercation, which was confusing because it was not part of the word at all. All very odd.

She then described the Midlands word which was "Climate Change," which I didn't even know was a thing in 1908. The first and second syllable was acted out by a group of hikers heading out to climb Mt. Adams, equipped with baseball bats and mitts, which they kept thumping with their fists: Ergo--Climb mitts for climate. Go figure. The climb appeared very arduous as the group drudged around in a large circle for what Mrs. Crumkey described as an "inordinate amount of time" and when they reached the "summit" they were much too tired to play ball, but all collapsed on top of each other in a huge writhing heap. Weird. The "change" syllable was extremely odd and kind of disgusting and is something that I can't imagine occurring today. A huge bearded man appeared wearing nothing but a large rather grubby diaper and an old woman came up behind him and quickly pulled the diaper off. Mrs. Crumkey said that several gallons of chocolate pudding had been made and applied to the inside of the diaper. Gross—but maybe in 1908 this sort of thing was OK and it did depict the word "change" rather effectively. The whole word, climate change, featured a group of very old Randolphians at a nudist colony who were all totally naked walking about complaining loudly about the terrible hot weather and that nudism was the

Photo above: Gail Scott Sleeman and Deborah Scott Stewart at the Mossy Glen 2010 Rendezvous

Story Slam continued...

only way to deal with it. Again, this just would not happen today—but it was a different time, what can I tell you?

The valley's word was "Bucket List" which was amazing, because this really does seem like a very recent term, but again we have, I suppose, to believe Mrs. Crumkey's account. The whole word was acted out in one scene and it featured a man asleep and snoring loudly in a big chair. A woman entered with a leather riding crop and began violently swatting the chair very near the man's head. The man woke up with a start and the woman asked if he had done his chores. The man, rather pleased with himself, pulled out a round piece of wood on which he had written "To It" and waving it in the woman's face he announced that he didn't need to do any chores because he had gotten a "Round To It." The woman was not amused and pointed to a pail next to the chair and demanded that he find his duties written on a scrap of paper in the pail. The man seemed rather flummoxed and said

that he thought that the notes in the pail only enumerated the things he was going to try to do before he died. The woman was totally bewildered and confused by this and grabbed the Round Do It out of the man's hands and bonked it rather sharply on his head and announced that if he didn't get around to it Pronto then she would give him a round to it that he would not soon forget.

I cannot imagine this sort of domestic violence happening in charades these days. But don't forget this was 1908.

Sadly the trail crew was not mentioned.

I wonder if the words we choose this coming year will seem as modern and "with it" as these words from 115 years ago. Hard to say: But so interesting, is it not, to get a glimpse into the charades from ages past. By the way, if anyone needs a diaper-wearer in a skit next year, I would be glad to volunteer, but just to be clear—I am not providing the chocolate pudding.

Randolph Remembers

Remembering Ted Brinton...

Edward (Ted) Slingluff Brinton, aged 98, died at Kendal-Crosslands in Kennett Square, PA on Saturday 23, 2023.

Ted was born in West Chester, PA, January 13, 1925, the son of Edward and Mariam Brinton. Three Randolphians, Ellen Dempster, Meg Micklejohn and Gay Johnson lived nearby. Ted, his sister Martha, and his mother came to Randolph in the summer when he was growing up.

He attended Westtown School in Westtown, PA. Upon graduation, he joined the Army where he saw action in the Battle of the Bulge. Following his discharge he entered the University of Pennsylvania where he graduated from the Wharton School in 1949. While at Penn, swimming against the Naval Academy, Ted's medley relay (he swam backstroke) broke the world record.

Ted then joined the DuPont Company working on the development and manufacture of synthetic textile fibers. His career included the management of manufacturing facilities in Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia and Delaware. In the early 1970's he moved from the South to Chadds Ford, PA where the Brinton family had lived since the late 17th century. He was Board President of the Brinton Family Association for twenty years which is responsible for the William Brinton 1704 House, a National Historic Landmark.

In the summer of 1942, his senior year of high school, Ted worked for the AMC as a hutboy at Madison Spring Hut. For a number of years he rented a cottage



in Randolph during the Summer and in 1976 he bought a house on Stearns Road (now Pasture Path) where he skied in the winter and hiked in the summer. He led

Remembering Ted Brinton continued...

many RMC hikes with his favorite being the head wall of Huntington Ravine. In addition to the west of the US, Ted hiked all over the world including in France, Scotland, Wales, England, New Zealand, and Switzerland. His most memorable climb was to Kala Patthar, Nepal.

Ted loved to ski at Wildcat, Sunday River, and Cannon Mountain. And for many years, he skied Tuckerman Ravine. Ted also skied in Sun Valley, Alta and Snowmass. In Europe, he skied in Courcheval and Chamonix, France and St. Moritz in Switzerland. He once skied over Theadul Pass into Italy and back.

Ted was very active in Quaker organizations. He was the co-founder of the Birmingham Peace Center and the Peace Garden at Birmingham Friends Meeting in West Chester, PA. He was a member of the Executive Board of Trustees and chaired the Personnel and Finance Committees at Pendle Hill, a Quaker study, retreat and

Remembering Lisa May Kelley...

A child of Southern Indiana and Northern New Hampshire, Elisabeth "Lisa" Anne Kelley, of 222 Durand Road and Batesville Indiana, died of a sudden catastrophic aneurysm on September 30, 2023. Lisa first came to Randolph as a toddler when her parents Bill and Beverly



May accepted an invitation from Steve and Eleanor Crary to visit them on the Hill. Succeeding visits made clear that Randolph was to be a home base, and soon Bill and

conference center. He served on the Personnel Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and the Friends Fiduciary Committee. He was also active with the American Friends Service Committee as a member of the Peace Committee and headed their material aids program.

In 1970, Ted helped establish the Delaware chapter of Business Executives for Nuclear Arms Control (BENAC). The organization grew into the Project for Nuclear Awareness. In 2004, he received the Lifetime Caring Business Leaders award from the Business Leaders for Sensible Priorities.

In 1948, he married Joan (Toni) Zimmerman who died in 2011 after 63 years of a loving marriage. He is survived by his children Garry (Ricki Hurwitz), Gail Bryan (Caesar) and Chris (Lisa Goodall), 7 grandchildren and 8 great-grandchildren.

Beverly bought 4 acres from the Randolph Foundation. The house they built came with a bonus - John and Josie Eusden had built a house the next lot over, and just happened to have four children the same ages and genders as Lisa and her sister Catherine and brothers Ted and David. From that base of generational good luck, Lisa's Randolph friendships grew and deepened.

The animal cemetery between our houses, hikes that steadily grew longer and more challenging, special dinners at the Dairy Bar, rainy-day trips to the Globe, and then Rich's, and finally Wal-Mart. A year at Ed Fenn Elementary in Gorham, a starring role in the charades (belly dancing fleshpots of Egypt, anyone?) trips to the Trading Post in Mexico, Maine with Lynn and Larry Martin, and bike rides to Lowe's for popsicles. Sneaking into the Grandview Drive-In or sitting in the least comfortable seats in the world for a movie at the Princess in Berlin, all the hallmarks of a typical Randolph summer childhood and adolescence.

With best friends Sarah Eusden and Charlotte Woodruff, Lisa spent hours, days, and months at the Ravine House pool. By the time Lisa earned her lifeguard certificate, her years at the raft had made her impervious to icy waters, and the town made Lisa's haunt her place of work. When 5 o'clock rolled round, Lisa, Sarah and Charlotte would head to Gorham for a Mossback's game, a beer at Fagin's pub, and dancing at the T&C - or around Lowe's gas pumps.

Idyllic summers were interrupted by school in Bloomington, Indiana, at Northfield Mount Hermon, Smith College, Georgetown University, and finally Georgetown Medical School, where Lisa finished her resi-

Remembering Lisa May Kelley continued...



dency in pediatrics.

At her “pay tuition” job in a Georgetown bar, Lisa

Remembering William May...

It is with both joy and sadness that the May family notes the passing of William F. May last week at Maplewood Park Place in Bethesda, Maryland, two days after his 96th birthday: with sadness following so soon after the loss of another beloved family member, Lisa, and with joy in a life so fully realized.

Born in Chicago, Illinois in 1927, Bill enjoyed a long career as an ordained Presbyterian minister, a professor of Religious Studies, an ethicist of national note, a consultant, an author, and an essayist.

After accepting invitations from Steve and Eleanor Crary to visit Randolph, he and his wife Beverly built a cottage of their own up behind the Ravine House site and spent over 50 summers here with family and friends as active members of the Randolph community (as well as

met her soulmate – BJ Kelley – a fellow Hoosier finishing up at Georgetown Law. They would marry, and move to BJ’s hometown in Batesville, Indiana to raise their children Connor and Emily. Connor fell in love in high school, and he and Claire gave Lisa two grandchildren, Lena and Otto. Emily went further afield to marry Ryan Bauer of New Jersey on a perfect September afternoon at the Ravine House pool. Lisa didn’t have to save any lives that day, but Emily and Ryan gave her another grandson, Wilder Bauer.

Professionally, and with great personal commitment and pleasure, Lisa served as a pediatrician to succeeding waves of Batesville children, and her memorial service saw the town turn out to say thank you and goodbye. Her last gift was to donate her kidneys to two people whose families also have cause to give thanks for Lisa’s life.

But as in her childhood, 986 miles and 15 hours and 26 minutes were no deterrent to an annual trip to see family and share the Randolph experience with her own family and friends. Lisa, Sarah, and Charlotte – three vibrant and accomplished women with personalities that meshed and balanced perfectly, their love and friendship renewed every summer during the first week of August through boyfriends, husbands, diapers, school sports, and all the usual ups and downs of adulthood and parenthood. That ride to Lowe’s for a popsicle grew into a run to Lowe’s for her health and pleasure. The animal cemetery was remembered but allowed to return to the forest. Lisa Kelley, nee May loved her town, her friends, her pool, her house, her view, always and deeply her family, and her time with it all. A memorial service will be held at the Randolph church next summer.

Photos courtesy of David and Catherine May

the winter of ‘70-’71.)

Bill served as Moderator of the Randolph Church, preached regularly, and rejoiced in the company of colleagues, members, and friends of the church. He labored lovingly over the sermons he prepared to be heard in Randolph. He performed numerous weddings and baptisms and led memorials in service of the community he cared for so deeply.

A full account of the adventures of his life will be submitted to the Mountain View. A memorial service will be planned for next Summer. He is survived by his children Catherine, Ted, and David, nine grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren, and a worn pair of now-vintage custom Limmer boots.



Randolph Town Christmas Caroling Party

Sunday, December 17th at 6PM
at Coldbrook Lodge
11 Coldbrook Road

Join the traditional festivities!

For more information, contact Lauren or
Dwight Bradley, 603-915-9087.

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To: